THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Choice Poetry.

MAIDEN WORTH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN

Her home was but a cottage home,
A simple home, and small;
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall!
A little taste, a little care,
Made humble things appear
As though they were translated there,
From some superior sphere:
Her home was but a cottage home,
A simple home, and small,
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall.

As sweet the home, so sweet the maid,
As graceful and as good;
She seemed a lily in the shade,
A violet in the bud!
She had no wealth, but maiden worth,
A wealth that's little fame;
Yet that's the truest gold of earth—
The other's but a name!
Her home was but a cottage home,
A simple home, and small,
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall.

A cheerfulness of soul, that threw
A smile o'er every task,
A willingness, that ever flew
To serve, ere one could ask!
A something we could wish our own,
A humble flow'ret, born
To grace in its degree a throne,
Or any rank adorn!
Her home was but a cottage home
A simple home, and small,
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall.

STRIVE ON.

Strive on—the ocean ne'er was crossed
Repining on the shore:
A nation's freedom ne'er was won
When sloth the banner bore.

Strive on—'tis cowardly to shrink
When dangers rise around;
'Tis sweeter far, though looked with pain,
To gain the vantage ground.

Bright names are on the roll of Fame,
Like stars they shine on high;
They may be hid with brighter rays,
But never, never die!

And these were lighted 'mid the gloom
Of low obscurity;
Struggling through years of pain and toil,
And joyless poverty.

But strive—this world's not all a waste,
A wilderness of care;
Green spots are on the field of life,
And flowerets blooming fair.

Then strive—but, oh! let Virtue be
The guardian of your aim!
Let pure, unclouded love illume
The path that leads to Fame!

Legend of Vienna.

THE EMPEROR'S NIGHT ADVENTURE.

A LEGEND OF VIENNA.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It is a well-known fact, that like Haroun Alraschid of oriental memory, Joseph II. of Austria, was addicted to midnight and incognito wanderings through his capital; which, although they occasionally led to results not only disagreeable but even dangerous, at other times amply repaid his risk and fatigue by their originality, and the insight which they afforded him into popular feeling, and that species of national under-current of thought and motive from which kings and kaisers are necessarily shut out in their gilded saloons and crowded ante-room. Joseph, however, unlike his eastern prototype, eschewed all companionship in these nocturnal pilgrimages; suffered no grand-vizir to follow upon his footsteps, or to share his perils; but, conveniently disguised and fitly armed, sallied forth alone, and trusted to the influence of his star, or that of his name, should the declaration become necessary, to liberate him from any untoward situation in which he might chance to involve himself.

Many where the unpalatable, if not useless facts with which he was thus made acquainted; and more than once during his strolls through the suburbs, he found himself compelled to ransom his person by the surrender of his purse, his watch, his mantle, and even his arms, to the light-fingered gentry whom he encountered upon his path; but these little adventures, perilous as they were for the moment, so far from abating his passion for this mysterious pastime, only invested it with an additional zest, which contrasted most invitingly with the daily monotony of a life of restraint and etiquette.

This much explained, we will relate at least one of his adventures as it was told to ourselves.

It was on a dark and stormy night when, at the close of the midnight mass, (for it was the eve of a grand festival,) closely folded in a heavy cloak which had sufficed, coupled with the obscurity of the remote corner in which he had ensconced himself during the ceremony, to conceal his identity from the pious crowd about him, the Emperor issued from the Cathedral Church of St. Stephen, into the gloom of the open space before it. Leaning within the still deeper shadows of the building against the stone-work of the sacred edifice, he suffered all the congregation to disperse before he attempted to pursue his way; but they had no sooner betaken themselves to their separate habitations, hurrying each in his own direction, to escape as quickly as they might from the heavy rain which was falling, and the fierce gusts that swept howling and hissing round the several corners of the streets, than he drew his broad-flapped hat deeper upon his brow, and securing his mantle by a tight grasp, set forth in his turn.

On the occasion in question, he bent his steps to the Leopoldstadt, which, although at that period a very important adjunct of the city, had not attained to the importance which it afterwards acquired. The houses were more thinly scattered, and the open spaces more lonely, dark, and dangerous. More than once, however, the imperial wanderer had succeeded in exploring its recesses without molestation, and the violence of the weather on this particular night gave him additional confidence. Nevertheless, he was not fated to find that confidence well placed, for when about midway between the fortifications and the suburb, he was attacked by four ruffians, to whom, after a brief resistance, he was compelled to deliver over, not only all the valuables in his possession, and the cloak which had hitherto sheltered him from the storm, but even the vest of black velvet that he wore beneath it.

In this unregal plight, shivering under the cold blasts of wind, and becoming rapidly wet to the skin, he pursued his way more hurriedly in order to secure a shelter, however humble. But all was pitch darkness as he reached the straggling street, every door was inhospitably barred, and every window carefully secured, while not a sound broke upon his ear except the dull moan of the river as it flowed between its invisible banks. The descendant of the Cæsars began to wish himself safely housed in his palace; but he had wandered far, and regrets were unavailing. For an instant he stood still, deliberating in his own mind how he should act, and that moment sufficed to decide him. He had, at length detected the bright gleam of a lamp through the aperture of a shutter, which had apparently been defectively closed, and he no longer hesitated as to the next step to be taken. The house from whence the friendly light had emanated was large, gloomy, ancient in its structure for the neighborhood in which it stood, and was, moreover, totally isolated, being surrounded on all sides by a high wall, only broken in one direction by a pair of tall wrought-iron gates, through which the Emperor had been enabled to detect the welcome gleam. By another chance, equally fortunate, the gates had been as carelessly fastened as the window, and a very slight degree of exertion sufficed to fling one of them back upon its hinges, and to afford ingress to the imperial intruder into a vast paved space, as silent and gloomy as the street from which he had just escaped.

Nothing daunted, however, by the sepulchral aspect of this place of temporary refuge, the Emperor hastily mounted half-a-dozen stone steps, which led to a covered door-way, where he found himself in a slight degree sheltered from "the pelting of the pitiless storm," and his next discovery being a large iron knocker, he applied it so vigorously to the solid oak of which the door was composed, that he heard the long dull echoes reverberate for several seconds along the interior passages of the dwelling. Nevertheless, not a sound bespoke the existence of any one within; and again and again did the heavy hammer resound upon the oaken pannels with the same want of success. Joseph II. began to lose at once his patience and his temper; and, as if to irritate him still further, the wind suddenly veered round, and drove the rain into the deepest recesses of the partial shelter he had gained. Unfortunately, kaisers become wet through as soon as the meanest of their subjects; and when the exasperated Emperor seized the knocker for the last time, he presented a pitiable spectacle. On this occasion he was, however, spared the necessity of putting forth his strength, for he had scarcely clutched it ere the door opened, smoothly and noiselessly, as though it fell back upon velvet, and a young man of apparently six or seven-and-twenty years of age, holding in his hand a lamp which burnt with extraordinary steadiness and brilliancy, stood before him.

"Who are you? and what do you seek at so untimely an hour?" he asked, firmly but courteously.

"I am one of the Emperor's officers, and I have been robbed. I seek shelter."

"His imperial and royal majesty would scarcely care to own you in such a trim, my friend," said the young man, as his eye wandered with a smile of doubt over the dripping stranger. "How can you convince me that you are not yourself a robber?"

"If I look so little like one of Joseph's guards," was the retort, "surely I bear no more resemblance to a knight of the road; a coat and cloak too many might well make you suspicious, but, as you see, I am without either."

As he spoke, the Emperor looked full into the eyes of the young man; and having advanced a pace or two towards him, the glare of the lamp fell upon his features. In an instant the door flew back, and the head of his new host was reverently bent.

"I recognize your majesty," he said, humbly, but not servilely; "enter without fear; you possess not throughout your empire subjects more devoted than me and mine."

And, snatching up a mantle of dark velvet, which was flung down upon a carved chest in the spacious hall, he adjusted it respectfully upon the shoulders of the shivering Emperor. He then rapidly closed the door, and with a gesture which might have made the most finished courtier turn pale with envy, prepared to lead the way for his imperial guest.

Wet and weary as he was, however, Joseph II. gazed about him with astonishment. The walls of the magnificent hall in which he stood were of white marble, panelled with black; the first decorated with the most costly pictures, and the last throwing into broader relief the most exquisite productions of the sculptor's chisel; the floor was overlaid with rich Persian carpets, and the domed roof was studded with silver stars. Bewildered by so unexpected a display of splendor, he moved slowly, but when he reached the threshold of the first apartment, he began to believe himself the sport of a dream. Velvet hangings, with their rich crimson folds held back by bands and fringes of gold; sofas and divans embroidered with flowers so vividly as to appear strewn but newly from the choicest parterres of Eden; mirrors which supported the ceiling and reflected the feet; vessels of gold and silver inlaid with jewels; toys from foreign lands, alike without names or uses, but all either graceful or gorgeous; a bright fire of cedar and sandal-wood blazing upon a hearth of red Egyptian marble, beside which was placed a table of marqueterie, covered with fruit and wine and goblets of Bohemian glass; and a chair of inlaid ivory and ebony, with cushions of satin-damask as white as the breast of the aigret-heron; such was the spectacle which presented itself in one of the suburbs of his capital to the astonished and benighted Emperor.

In his first surprise, the imperial visiter had not remarked the disappearance of his host; but ere long he discovered that he was alone, and, throwing himself upon the snowy chair, (decidedly little suited to bear so dripping a burden,) he stretched his aching legs closer to the genial and perfumed heat of the vast chimney, and pouring into one of the Bohemian goblets, which resembled a large ruby veined with gold, a stream of amber-colored tokayer, bright and rich as though it had been just crushed from the precious grape that yields it, he emptied it at a draught.

When he again raised his head to look around him, he found his host at his side; nor did the costly garments with which he was now laden, and which he respectfully assisted his royal guest to adjust, astonish the monarch less than all the other wonders by which he was surrounded.

His acknowledgments for this well-timed attention were brief but sincere; and when he had taken possession of a second chair, which was wheeled forward for his accommodation, he prepared to inquire into the mysteries about him.

"Your imperial majesty must be exhausted," said the firm but sweet voice of his entertainer, as he was about to speak; "permit me to offer to you a few drops of a precious elixir which will at once restore your strength," and taking from the table a curiously-twisted phial, covered all over with strange mystical characters, he dropped into a tall-stalked Venice glass a small quantity of its contents, which he himself swallowed; and then, rinsing the glass with tokayer, which he flung into the blaze of the fire, whence it streamed upward like a pyramid of liquid topaz, he once more let fall a similar quantity into the goblet, and reverently bending his knee, presented it to the Emperor upon a small salver of chased gold.

"By St. Stephen, our patron! my good friend," smiled Joseph II., as he returned the glass, "your elixir is as agreeable as your welcome. Like the man in the Thousand-and-One Nights, I feel inclined to pinch myself, in order to ascertain whether I be really awake. Who are you, and what is the meaning of all this?"

"Your imperial majesty shall ere long know all," was the reply; "but since I may never again have the honor to receive you beneath my humble roof, I would crave permission to present to you one who is very dear to me; and who, although she may be for the moment unconscious of so high a privilege, will nevertheless cherish the memory of it to the end of her life."

"And she is—" commenced the Emperor.

"Here, your majesty," and the young man drew towards him a thick rope of gold, which, when forcibly pulled, swung back a hanging drapery that veiled the upper end of the room, and revealed the space beyond it.

As the heavy curtain rolled aside, Joseph II. forgot his imperial dignity, and started from his seat. He saw before him a miniature forest, with trailing plants linking the trees together, and garlanding their very summits with gorgeous blossoms, while birds of bright plumage were flitting from bough to bough, or pluming themselves upon the branches. But that which more especially riveted the attention of the Emperor, was the figure of a young girl, apparently buried in a profound sleep, and lying with one hand beneath her head, and the other grasping a garland of wild flowers, upon a green bank overcanopied by a tulip-tree. Nothing could be more faultlessly beautiful than both her form and face; her long and glossy hair, of that rich purple black which takes a golden gleam in the light, was confined round her brow

Our Picture Gallery.

COURAGE AND GENEROSITY OF AN INDIAN BRAVE.

FROM FROST'S "THRILLING ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS."

Pe-ta-la-sha-roo was the son of La-te-le-sha, or Old Knife, a Pawnee chief: Pe-ta-la-sha-roo was a *brave*, that is, one who has greatly distinguished himself in battle, and is next in importance to a chief. At the early age of twenty-one, this young man had, by his heroic deeds, acquired for himself the rank of "the bravest of the braves."

The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this tribe.—The humane La-te-le-sha had long endeavored to put a stop to this cruel custom, but in vain. In a warlike expedition against the Iteans, a woman was taken prisoner, who, on their return, was doomed to suffer according to their barbarous usage.

The unfortunate victim was bound to the stake, and a vast crowd was assembled on the plains to witness the shocking scene. Pe-ta-la-sha-roo, unobserved, had stationed two fleet horses at a little distance from the spot, and was now seated amongst the crowd, a silent spectator. All were now anxiously waiting for the commencement of the frightful tragedy, and the torch was already borne towards the funeral pile, when, suddenly springing from his seat, the youthful "brave" rushed forward, and, cutting the cords asunder which bound the captive, with the swiftness of thought he bore her in his arms beyond the amazed multitude; then placing her upon one horse, and mounting the other himself, he bore her safely off to her friends and country.

This act would have endangered the life of an ordinary chief; but such was the popularity of both father and son, that, on the return of the "bravest of the braves" to his village, no one presumed to censure his conduct; and such was the influence of his good example, that since that time no human sacrifice has ever been offered in this or any other of the Pawnee tribes.

The account of this transaction being circulated at Washington, during the young chief's stay there, whilst on a deputation from his nation to the American Government in 1821, the young ladies of Miss White's boarding-school in that city, in a manner highly creditable to themselves, resolved to give him some demonstration of the esteem in which they held him on account of his brave and *humane* conduct; they therefore presented him with an elegant silver medal, engraved with an appropriate inscription, and accompanied by the following short but affectionate address:—

"*Brother*,—Accept this token of our esteem—always wear it for our sakes; and, whenever again you have the power to save a poor woman from death or torture, think of this and of us, and fly to her relief and rescue."

The Pawnee's reply was as follows:—

"*Sisters and Friends*.—This (meaning the medal) will give me more ease than I ever had; and I will listen more than ever I did to white men.

"I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act that I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance, but I now know what I have done. I did it in ignorance, and did not know that it was good; but by giving me this medal I know it."

There is much pleasure in meeting with such instances of heroic conduct among the untaught savages of the West, and, as it has often been our lot to recount the deeds of violence which are committed by the red men, it would be most unjust to suppress any traits of an opposite nature.

Choice Extracts.

A CHAT BETWEEN TWO YOUNG GIRLS ON MEN AND MARRIAGE.

...

"I should be glad to see him any day: the higher above me, so much the better: it degrades to stoop—it is glorious to look up. What frets me is, that when I try to esteem, I am baffled: when religiously inclined, there are but false gods to adore. I disdain to be a Pagan."

"Miss Keeldar, will you come in? We are here at the rectory gates."

"Not to-day; but to-morrow I shall fetch you to spend the evening with me. Caroline Helstone—if you really are what at present to me you seem—you and I will suit. I have never in my whole life been able to talk to a young lady as I have talked to you this morning. Kiss me—and good-by."

Leaves from History.

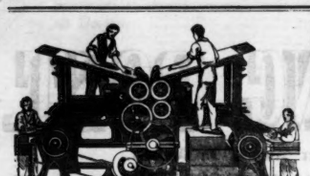
THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

FROM "SKETCHES OF REFORMS AND REFORMERS," BY HENRY B. STANTON.

The Established Church of England—Its Revenues—Its Ecclesiastical Abuses,—Its Sway over Political Parties—Rev. Dr. Philpotts—Rev. Dr. Pusey—Rev. Mr. Noel—Anti State Church Movement.

The Established Church of England is one of the foulest sores on the body politic of the kingdom. I shall examine it mainly in its political bearings.

The King is the "Supreme Head of the Church," and appoints, through the chapters, the bishops, besides a great number of lesser dignitaries. The bishops license and ordain the inferior clergy.—The owners of estates charged with the payment of the salaries of pastors, have the right to nominate or "present" them to the parishes. There are some 12,000 parochial churches under the control of the Establishment. Of these the crown presents to 952; the bishops to 1,248; the deans and chapters to 787; the other ecclesiastical dig...



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

UNRIVALED INDUCEMENTS FOR 1850.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, in coming before the public with a new Prospectus, would respectfully solicit attention to what they have done in the past, as a guarantee for their promises of the future. They may safely say, that no other paper in America has given to its readers so large and well chosen an amount of all kinds of reading, elegant and useful, imaginative and instructive, during the last year, as the POST. To say nothing of other tales and literature, the POST has had, before its subscribers during the past year, four such novelets as "Henry Bennet," "The Child-Stealer," "Ned Ireland Reformed," and "The Deserted Wife!"

And the proprietors of the Post are determined that, if possible, the coming year shall be even a more brilliant one than the past. To begin with, they have already secured the following original contributions, which will be published, with many other choice pictures of life, during the coming year:

THE SAYMOUNTS: A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Seth Washington Potts," &c. &c.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING, A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE: A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE OLD ASTROLOGER, OR, THE PROPHECY FULFILLED: A Novelet, by T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Agnes, or the Reformed Gambler," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE: A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

THE BONNET ROUGE; A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION; by MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Palaces and Prisons," "Mallen Grey," &c., &c.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to those solid and substantial articles, such as is calculated to improve and inform the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart. Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

The *NEWS OF THE DAY* shall also be, as heretofore, carefully edited, and the best matter transferred to our columns.

Matters of interest to business men, a *BANK-NOTE LIST*, a *STOCK LIST*, the *MARKETS*, &c., shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for our *AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT*.

One or more *PORTRAITS* or remarkable persons, or *PICTURES* of remarkable places are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader search over many persons, we will not be behind in the *perfo-mance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the largest list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by any rival. The enormous *bonus* of our subscribers list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our neighbors.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but unwillingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following new terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,		$ 5.00, PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00, "
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15.00, "
26 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20.00, "

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers to the commencement of the year, to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—When the sum to large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON S. PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—No deviation from the regular Terms will be practised. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, *we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.

A FRESH COLLECTION OF NOTICES.

This old and expert weekly, we are pleased to learn, was never so popular as at the present time, and well does it deserve its popularity, for its enterprising programme spares neither labor or expense to make it what it really is, a first-class paper. So eagerly are the selected stories one of the highest literary merit, whilst their moral character and tendency are unimpeachable: and we are honestly of opinion that it has gratified, in the selections of the taste of the multitude.—*Philadelphia Temperance Herald.*

The Saturday Evening Post is, in our opinion, the best literary and family newspaper now published in Philadelphia.—*Ariel Bee.*

The Saturday Evening Post—This paper is, which we have frequently referred to the most fascinating terms, still continues to sustain its high and well-deserved standing as the best family paper in the land.—*Gloucester Gazette and Advertiser.*

It will be seen that we current largely from The Saturday Evening Post, and why we do so is, for we find in it a greater amount of miscellaneous and interesting matter in it than any other of our exchanges. It is a very large and handsome paper, and embraces a great variety of reading, and of the character that makes it so useful as an instructor. Its editorial department is conducted with ability and a straightforwardness that distinguishes it from many of our literary cotemporaries. Its position in politics and religion, we have no the side of morality and good order is securely.—*Rardin's Harford Observer.*

Saturday Evening Post.—This is a literary paper published in Philadelphia by Deacon S. Peterson. We consider it one of the best family papers in the country. It has no sectional character, and is conducted with commendable ability. We have read the Post for many years, and submit it for its fully entitled to condemning the exercise which wretch passes for literature, and which has a pernicious tendency to corrupt the morals of the youth of our country. The editor is the only man of whom we have ever known judge who has raised his voice against the fabulous works of Eugene Sue, Paul de Kock, and Soulié, and for a time the admirers of these works seemed to be legion of the pass. The Post continued in its laudable work, and finally succeeded in putting down their detestable, and corrupting and pernicious trash. Such a paper as the Saturday Evening Post is worthy a place in every parlor.—*Kentucky Whig.*

The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, is almost the best family newspaper published in any of the large cities. To continue deserving such a praise from abroad, we would recommend it as preferable to any other course—*Lehigh Advertiser, Mauch Chunk.*

Philadelphia Saturday Post.—This is one of the largest and best weekly family papers published in the United States. The contents are of the most interesting character, and the publishers are evidently regardful of the comfort and moral interest of their subscribers. Its columns are never polluted by the presence of any thing calculated to corrupt the morals of the young, but on the contrary, every thing is presented to the family circle that is calculated to improve the heart and inform the mind.—*Pittsburgh Temperance Register.*

The Saturday Evening Post (Philadelphia)—We seldom occupy our columns with notices of our exchanges, but we cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers may desire to subscribe for a cheap family paper, to the Saturday Evening Post, which carries news of the day, monuments for young persons, and the best miscellaneous reading. We consider the Saturday Evening Post as the largest, cheapest and best family paper of the kind which comes to our table. The talent and especially the high moral tone of the editorials, and the selections, are of the first order, and we consider, place the Post far above most of the cheap and sensational papers of the day.—*Odell Cultivator.*

We continue to receive our literary favorite, The Saturday Evening Post. It is, we believe, the oldest literary journal in America, and what renders it still more interesting as a publication is the fact that it is conducted by the same editor, and proprietors, and typographical corps, that established it.—*Saunders' Saturday Post.*

The Saturday Evening Post.—The high reputation of this substantial family journal renders commendation unnecessary. It is always a welcome visitor, and we are glad to see that under the management of the present editorial proprietors. Messrs. *Deacon & Peterson*, the paper maintains its character for originality and excellence as regard to it by the public.—the best of the literary weekly. The Post was established in 1821, and has attained a independence in selecting literary matter where it is to be found, and in publishing it in the Post.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.—Twenty-eight years ago this week, the first number of this paper was issued from the press of Benjamin Franklin. Since then spring buds and autumn leaves, while the monthly newspaper, and weekly magazine have perished, in its course along the beaten track of newspaper literature. Original and selected, its plan combines prudence, and the supplying has become a giant, and is gaudy prosperous. Its present proprietors are worthy successors of its first conductors, and we trust they may long continue to wield the mighty pen of Franklin's friend.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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The Saturday Evening Post (Philadelphia)—We seldom occupy our columns with notices of our exchanges, but we cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers may desire to subscribe for a cheap family paper, to the Saturday Evening Post, which carries news of the day, monuments for young persons, and the best miscellaneous reading. We consider the Saturday Evening Post as the largest, cheapest and best family paper of the kind which comes to our table. The talent and especially the high moral tone of the editorials, and the selections, are of the first order, and we consider, place the Post far above most of the cheap and sensational papers of the day.—*Odell Cultivator.*

We continue to receive our literary favorite, The Saturday Evening Post. It is, we believe, the oldest literary journal in America, and what renders it still more interesting as a publication is the fact that it is conducted by the same editor, and proprietors, and typographical corps, that established it.—*Saunders' Saturday Post.*

The Saturday Evening Post.—The high reputation of this substantial family journal renders commendation unnecessary. It is always a welcome visitor, and we are glad to see that under the management of the present editorial proprietors, Messrs. *Deacon & Peterson*, the paper maintains its character for originality and excellence as regard to it by the public.—the best of the literary weekly. The Post was established in 1821, and has attained independence in selecting literary matter where it is to be found, and in publishing it in the Post.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.—Twenty-eight years ago this week, the first number of this paper was issued from the press of Benjamin Franklin. Since then spring buds and autumn leaves, while the monthly newspaper, and weekly magazine have perished, in its course along the beaten track of newspaper literature. Original and selected, its plan combines prudence, and the supplying has become a giant, and is gaudy prosperous. Its present proprietors are worthy successors of its first conductors, and we trust they may long continue to wield the mighty pen of Franklin's friend.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Clippings.

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely heart-throb,
Where joy and light is fled.
For death is current to-day-cried
The little lifeless lie—
And every lifeless corpse represents
An angel in the sky.

☞ The history of one lay or religious body is the history of all; it is the annals of the human heart—it first it is fixed with a new idea—self sacrificing proselytism—dying and rising again—the spiritual truth begets material wealth; then comes the World instead of the Spirit.

☞ It is calculated that since 1800, more than 10,000 human beings have been killed in the canoes of Great Britain.

☞ A Puzzle For.—The editor of the N. O. Crescent, in one last number, acknowledges the receipt of a pumpkin pie—a good pie—a glorious pie—in fact a heathern pie with Northern principles.

☞ A London paper says that a curious accident occurred on the electric telegraph at Berlin and Stettin the other day. The communication having been found to be interrupted, search was made for the cause, when a mouse's nest, with a little brood, was discovered in the gutta percha tube: and it appeared that the little animal had contrived to gnaw through the wires.

☞ The Natural Bridge property in Virginia was sold on the last inst. to Col. Wheeler, Henry County, for $5,000. He is proposite also of the other third.

☞ It is estimated by the Hallowell Gazette, Maine, that in the fourteen States where Thursday week was observed as a day of Thanksgiving, over two millions turkies were consumed, and no equal number of geese and chickens. Enough, if they marched along in single file, each occupying one foot, to encircle New England.

☞ A friend who has two sons, fine, intellectual boys, who are rapidly advancing in their studies, complains, nevertheless, that the system under which they are taught, is dedicated in several essential particulars. He says that his boys neither walk exactly one spoon distinctly.

☞ California Castles Turning Down.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveller has made some calculations that may well startle that Utopian-crazed country. He begins by stating that there are now in the Say of San Francisco, 300 vessels. Five hundred will soon be left the United States by the end of the year, all of which, with the steamers, will have carried 50,000 passengers. Of these 40,000 will go by land. The cost of outfit and passage for these 90,000 men cannot be less than $300 each, making, in all, $30,000,000. To this we must add at least $600 a-year to live.—This will cost them at least $54,000,000 more. Now if each individual be valued at $1000 a year, and we have a California population of 90,000, we have a total aggregate of $180,000,000. Not half this amount can be created from the soil. Nevertheless it is not all. The fortunes vessels have lost an enormous amount of time. They have been absent from their families, and their only use when they arrive is to carry off the gold. Now the whole cost since the late scale upon which the three calculations are made, will be estimated that $100,000,000 will more than half cover the actual loss. The big bubble will then have reached its proportion in one short year. The testimony is that as mines are less productive than formerly, and it will require a large capital to work them, and as to the country the losses of the general year.

☞ In this same subject, last, a correspondent of the Express, who rejoices in the euphonious name of Jeremiah Saltmarsh, says that a number of men might have saved many of those who have ventured to California, from ruin, but they set quietly down and made a few figures in their pocket books. Freezer, the correspondent at the N. O. Picayune, has calculated that from the 1st of June, 1849, to the 1st of June, 1850, there will be $42,000,000 of gold mined. Every one says this estimate is too high, but supposing it correct, no one will contend for it so over-estimate to say that, during the same time, 100,000 persons will visit California in search of fortunes. Making the moderate allowance of $300 for the expenses of each person, we have an aggregate of $30,000,000. The gold mines being the only source of wealth, "liquid, fat" society asks—where are the fortunes to come from?

☞ The thermometer at Montreal, on the 1st inst., stood at 11 degrees below zero, and on the next day, Lake Champlain was partially frozen over.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will assist compositors and get up large clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the extent of a dozen, or three, who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competitors.

Let it be remembered also, that the proprietors do not print the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small regulars.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it to be changed *to*.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them send to our address when they can do so conveniently. ix

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Can the "Subscriber" who refers us to Sidney Smith's "Letter to Female Electors," refer us to the volume? We do not remember to have seen it.—The "Child Stealer" is a series of Tales, from the pen of Mrs. Stephens, which will shortly embrace something worth reading upon the important subject.

THE BONNET ROUGE.

We shall lead off our series of Original Novelets in January, by the publication of "The Bonnet Rouge, A Story of the French Revolution;" by that admirable and very popular writer, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. As the demand for Mrs. Stephens's story will doubtless be very great, we would advise new subscribers who wish to obtain it, to send on their names as early as possible.

HIGH HANDED.

We recently noticed that the island of "Tigre" had been ceded to the United States by the government of Honduras.

It now appears that Mr. Chatfield, an agent of the British Government, during the past year, has taken possession of the island in question, torn down the flag of Honduras, and run up that of Great Britain. It is also said that the British have seized all the islands in the Gulf belonging to Honduras on the Salvador, as well as the ports of Trujillo and Omoa.

In answer to a correspondence from Mr. Squier, at Central Corr, Mr. Chatfield declared that *Honduras had no right to cede any portions of her territory, because, she had not the right to sell, or to national existence!* And, secondly, he is understood to have stated that she had no right to cede the island of Tigre, because he (Chatfield) had intimated his intention of placing a lien upon the Island. Under these circumstances, it is supposed that the American Consul had demanded the evacuation of the Island within six days.

Those high handed measures have naturally created great excitement and indignation in the United States, and, conscious of their own weakness, they have appealed to the Government of the United States for redress.

Judging from a late article in the *London Times*, it is probable that Mr. Chatfield's course will be disavowed by the British Government. It is shrewd not be, then affair may furnish grounds for a serious misunderstanding between the United States and Great Britain. Believing, however, that the government of both countries are sincerely desirous of doing what is just and right towards each other, we cannot anticipate the least serious interruption of the amicable relations between them.

MINISTERS AND POLITICS.

The Kentucky Conference, which has recently adopted, by a vote of 76 to 21, a provision which forbids the ministers and members of the Gospel shall not be eligible to a seat in the General Assembly.

We do not approve of the above restriction. It is the Conference has the right to say that its members shall not be eligible to a seat in the Legislature, they have a right to say that they shall not lose to any other class or classes—to lawyers, physicians, merchants or planters.

We presume that a majority of the Kentucky Convention are planters, would it not be highly objectionable to the people of the State to confine to the Constitution declaring that all other classes of citizens, except planters, were ineligible to the people of the various districts? There is a general complaint against electing clergymen to office; but there ought to be occasions when it would be well to have a minister in the Legislature. And a case of the kind would not occur more than once a hundred years, why by our own hands by a constitutional enactment?

We see no reason in the nature of things, why ministers of the Gospel may not be eligible to the Legislature are not just as reconcilable as those a Planter and a Legislator. If a Minister is a worse man than other men, he is not fit to be a Minister; and, if a better man, he is just the man to Legislator. He is not of course like the men of the age, and fanatical and utter party thing, and descend to the lowest artifices to effect party ends. He is not the man to descend to such depths of vulgarity and meanness, as fit to occupy a seat in a legislative hall. It is a false cries—that evil of politics are necessarily slimy and corrupt, and that the pure and holy must keep aloof from the circle of their pollution. Politics may often become so, but they are not necessarily so; and they would not be so, if the pure, except by honest and true men taking the places of honor now grossly monopolized by men to mere adventurers and unprincipled hunters.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

We publish an interesting article on our first page, entitled "The Established Church," from the pen of Lord Lindsay. Very appropos to that article, is a statement made in a speech by Lord John Russell, president of the Ledger of this city. He says that he has often been struck, while in England, with the singular ignorance respecting Episcopacy which prevails among the people as a whole. A very pious English lady, speaking to him of an eminent lector, said—"A fine young man, and on account of his marriage with the unconverted daughter of the Bishop of Syria, much interest was created for him. Finally he brought a living for the daughter of a bishop who was a very pious man, and he has since become a bishop himself." An excellent specimen! An excellent!

The following is another instance: "The Bishop of London's Fund?" "Ah! who will be the happy man?" "Lord Bishop, I suppose, Specially a year?" &c.

The testimonial on question further says: "The Church, in casual numbers, contains millions of souls, and is the Established Church of the United North, who amassed five millions of dollars—going all the rich porkage to her family, and leaving not one loaf for the hungry people."

Truly these have altered since the Divine Master said: "My kingdom is not of this world."

An equal number will say of the position you have taken, that you have forfeited all claim to be a gentleman, that I cannot refrain from expressing my astonishment.

"I am equally disappointed and surprised with your letter. I had formed a very different opinion of the weak and false character of Desdemona to hold that you could have written such a letter, and I confess I am quite astounded at it. So advice do not suppose that I am going to write you a long one, strong in my aversion to its portrayal, that I cannot be induced to write it.

MRS. KEMBLE.

Mrs. Swinburne does not agree with those who say Mrs. Kemble renovates in appearance. She says:

We were much disappointed in Mrs. Kemble's appearance. She is very much changed, and not to her benefit and feature as not one need desire, unless he wished to see the ravages of time. She is not only largely increased in size, but her generous English color has entirely disappeared, and she now wears a coarse, unhealthy red, which is not at all becoming to a regal truly. Her brow is low, and what is worse, the expression of perfection that is in her. Oh, two such silver caresses, when they join, make a sound that totally conceals "A dam's Apple" in the throat. Such a sound you would be literally looks very unlike any man we ever saw, and we have both a power and eloquence we never heard equalled.

VALUABLE CARGO.

We have received from Liverpool a passage list of large brought by the Hermann—her successive cargo was also equally valuable. The whole cargo was estimated at eight hundred thousand dollars—the freight being fifteen thousand dollars. A moderate man might be satisfied with owning such cargo.

ANOTHER PROVISO.

If my physical courage be equal to the maintenance of my convictions of right and duty, I will devote all I am and all I have on earth, &c., &c.

We suppose the above extract from a recent speech by Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, in the House of Representatives, may be called "The Toombs' Proviso."

THE LECTURES ON WOMAN

One paper of this week contains a report of the first of Mr. Dana's Lectures upon Women—next week we shall give his second Lecture on the same subject. After our readers—those residing out of the city, and those in the city who have not heard Mr. Dana—have read these both, by re-perusing our leading article upon them in last week's number, they will be able to see more distinctly the difference between our view and that of Mr. Dana's—the points in which we agree, and those in which we differ.

A correspondent who responds to our review of Mr. Dana, in the most flattering and cordial terms, says:

Mr. Dana's woman is a mere self creature of society—and of course the true element of her life should be strengthened in body and mind, to fit her for the *emergencies* and *duties* of life.

And, may we not add, as "strengthened" that she should be more worthied of a true man's love, for we are certain our correspondent would approve this addition.

"Be wise, my son," said, "Seek your own happiness, and you shall not find happiness, but satisfaction." And may we say to you, Educate a woman to love and be loved, and she shall not be capable of either loving or being loved truly. Educate a woman to be a wife, and she will be capable of something to think of besides love and marriage—and her love for her husband will be the largest one of these powers of mind, heart and soul which the Creator has given her. Educate her by the law getting that she as a woman—and you have reared a being fit to be the companion, the "helpmeet" for man, and not a doll or a toy—and she will have had a fair and then a burden, but the beautiful and unperverted share of his pleasures, his labors and his cares.

Since writing the above we have come across an article in the Knickerbocker, which we have already frequently quoted from, "Stanley," which we give the best sense of female education we have met with.

"Nobody," Caroline went on—"nobody in particular is to blame, that I can see, for the state in which things are; and yet all, all, however much I puzzle over it, how they are to be altered for the better, I feel that they are something wrong somewhere. I believe single women should be taught to look upon themselves as self-supporting and profitable occupation that they possess and. And when I speak thus, I have no impression that I disparage their feelings or their duties. I am conscious of no impatient, irreligious or sacrilegious. On the contrary, I feel that I am only the more religious, and compassionate much grief which man stops his ears against, or frowns on with impotent anger. Why, my dear Mrs. Boylston, do you suppose that the majority of the poor seeks to be employed? Because it is equally avaricious and unjust to principle to expect every one else, as to expect a dozen classes.

"My not have the choice of their employments—lives to the people of the various districts? There is a general complaint against electing clergymen to office; but there ought to be occasions when it would be well to have a minister in the Legislature. And a case of the kind would not occur more than once a hundred years, why by our own hands by a constitutional enactment?

"Why not have them in the nature of things, why not have them in the nature of things, why not have them in the nature of things,

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1849.

TO PUBLISHERS.

NONE week we will clear off our book table, if possible. The following found, must not think we have forgotten them.

THRILLING ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS. *Comprising the Most Remarkable Personal Narratives of Scenes on the Early Indian Wars, as well as of Incidents in the Recent Indian Hostilities in Mexico and Florida. By John Frost, L. L. D. author of "Pictorial History of the United States," "Pictorial History of Mexico," &c. &c. Illustrated. J. W. Bradley.* This work is destined to have a large circulation. The present edition is a splendid one, handsomely executed, especially adventures among the Indians, is shared by all classes of society.—Even the two wives and many children continue to be, to a great degree, children in this—and for children such accounts have a wonderful fascination. Those narratives show to what perils our forefathers were exposed from the savage foe, on the very places where now all is peace and security.

The work is embellished with numerous original engravings, from designs by Croome and others, and is sold by the agents of Mr. Bradley, the publisher.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA. *A Tale. By Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. With Critical Remarks and Comments and Chronological Notes. Embellished with Illustrations and Engravings by Darley, Croome, Billings, and others. Philada. Hogan & Thompson.* The publisher sent us a specimen of this work, as a sample for this beautiful edition of a much admired work. The pages and type are of the first quality—suitable for the merit of the production. The illustrated frontispiece and title page are expensive specimens.

To the History of Rasselas, are added "The Punishment," a Fairy Tale, and "The Vision of Theodore, the Hamite."

We recommend this work to the attention of those who are about selecting presents for Christmas.

PAUL'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. *Published by J. S. & J. Rue, Philadelphia.* We have received this work. We have received from the publishers the first number of a new and handsome illustrated edition of this terrible but instructive work—terrible for its records of human savageness and ferocity, attractive in proving the power of truth and the necessity of toleration. To the Martyrology is added a history of the lives of some of the most eminent Reformers—Wickliffe, Cobham, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Zuinglius, Luther, and others. The series will be completed in 32 numbers, at 12½ cents each, forming an elegant large quarto volume, elaborately filled with 32 engravings.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. We must beg pardon of Mr. Godey, for having, in the press of business, overlooked his request to notice the December number of his work. The best embellishment, however, is the number itself. It is unsurpassed in every thing. There is the usual number of splendid "Introduction of Christianity into Britain." "Love a Prude or a Coquette Party." "Fashions for Paris." "Anglo-German Ville," &c., &c. The literary contents are also well executed, from Mrs. Hale, Mrs. H. W. Longfellow, T. S. Arthur, N. P. Willis, G. P. R. James, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Hale, &c., &c.

SIMMS THE SOUTHRON! THE SOUTHRON DISCOVERED OR THE WORLD RESOLVED. *Book Second, or Pendennis of the South. Vol. 1. Charleston: The Author Wrote.* *New York: Harper & Brothers.* We have received a copy of the second part of this work in one of our correspondents, but from what we have read of it, we think it will not suffer inferiorly of it. Perhaps the reader had better buy it and judge for himself. *For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.*

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. *Delineated in the Scenes of Events recorded in the New Testament. By Rev. H. Hastings Weld, D. D. Illustrated by Darley, Dommigeon, Fe. Embellished with Illustrations in Text and Steel Engravings, by Croome, Billings, Ivanowe, Philada. Hogan & Thompson.* Another and very appropriate work for the holidays, executed in the highest style of the art of illustration. We commend it to the attention of our readers.

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. No. 1 of *Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s*, new and admirable edition of Shakspeare's works, containing "Twelfth Night, or What you Will." It is embellished with a beautiful engraving of "Olivia." This edition is to be issued in 15 numbers, at equal engravings, is worth to be commended. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Philada.*

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 14th the Hon. J. M. Berrien, of Georgia, offered a resolution, and motion from that the Senate proceed to the election of a chaplain, and executive communication that he might have the honor to nominate the Rev. Mr. Hawley for that office.

Mr. Clay rose and said that he had intended to offer a similar proposition. He stated that there was a vacancy in the office of chaplain to the Senate. He proceeded to make a brief and elegant speech in which he paid a high compliment to the being put to vote, carried.

The nomination was supported by the chair, when they retired.

On the 17th they resumed the business, but intimated that he would not insist on any motion.

The motion was carried.

On the 17th, an executive message containing communication, was received from the President of the United States, relative to the Panama and other executive matters, and such after adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The proceedings in the House since our last, have been at a very exciting character. We appear a summary of them.

On the 11th, seven ballotings took place, without any result. Whigs voted for Mr. Winthrop and the Democrats for W. J. Brown. Winthrop's vote was 103. Brown's 97, and on the seventh vote was 100—necessary to a choice 111. Wilmot 7, Root 1, Hall 1, Giddings 1, Gentry (Whig) 1, scattering 1.

After the 7th vote Mr. Winthrop thanked his friends for their support, and withdrew his name from the list of candidates. The House then adjourned.

On the 12th, Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, indicated his intention of voting for Brown, and Mr. Wilmot retired from the field. Seven votes were taken, then proceeded to a ballot, the result of which was as follows:

W. J. Brown (Dem.) 102, Whig vote was divided between Winthrop, Root, Hall, Giddings, and other Whigs, that a letter had passed between Mr. Brown and the Free Soilers. Bayley of Virginia, unfavorably to Mr. Brown, and that Mr. Brown had written a letter declining the support of Free Soilers. Intense excitement prevailed, and after such declarations and explanations by several members, the following letters came out—

Washington City, December 12, 1849.

Dear Sir: In the conversation which I had with you this morning, you said that you had been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, and you desired to constitute the Committees. The Committees, the Judiciary, and the District of Columbia, is a matter that should be left entirely to myself and the friends with whom I have had the honor to be associated in the organization of the House, and it is reply to that note, you can give them the assurance that they will give you a fair, cheerful and candid support.

Respectfully yours,

R. WILMOT.

Washington City, Dec. 13, 1849.

Dear Sir: In answer to yours of this date, I would state, that, should I be elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, I will constitute the Committees on the Judiciary, on the District of Columbia, in a manner that shall secure the confidence of myself and the friends with whom I have had the honor to be associated in the organization of the House, and it is reply to that note, you can give them the assurance that they will give you a fair, cheerful and candid support.

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Selected Poetry.

FROM THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

TIDIES.

"All ears have Tidies."—Common remark.

Of all the little miseries,
That in this life beset us,
Of all the cares to annoy and vex,
Distressing you, but, for us,
There's none that's more than needful things,
(I say it home like,)
That home the locks of "easy chairs"
Do keep me from a Tidy.

These noble old ancestral seats,
Of simple, sound comfort,
Against whose firm and upright backs,
Their fellows leaned—upright,
Reposed no such appendages,
For of the good dame spend a
Just behind the good the mistress
Her's was a coarse Tidy.

But now you can see a spacious chair,
As black as face can make it,
With whiter spots work over all—
Of course, you've noted it—"easy chair,"
Yet none, or few, can gainsay
These spots are "tidies."
Once up you've seen them,
Caressing pat,—the sight "good air,"
You're getting close to a Tidy!

You start upright—confirmed the thing!
In everybody's sight, too,
Yet own and nod to passage stone,
With all your oaths, and single,
That you'll not have a Tidy!
A laugh—it runs one's probe a
Little, to discover in you
Soon slouchingly a Tidy!

Now if a "Lily could be made,
Soft, smooth, and feather-furred,
That wounds'd give one's coat, the look
Of having been out "Tidied,"
And fastened up with (dough) cashier—
Why then, I wouldn't have tried.
Little longer to subdue,
Although I hate a Tidy.

But, ne it is, if I had hosts
Of soul-agony foes,
And could but come up with 'em "—
As the old saying goes,
I'd ask pins all to wear none,
Some lucifers day—none Friday—
And ever every day, I'd hang
A corcoran parlor Tidy!

Selected Sketch.

CHILDREN—WHAT ARE THEY?

BY JOHN NEAL.

You have but to go upward for half-an-hour, in pleasant weather, as he leaves open your doors or windows on a Saturday afternoon, if you live any where in the neighborhood of a school-house, or a vacant lot, with here and there a patch of grass, or a dry place in it, and stand behind the curtains or draw the blinds, and let the wind blow through and through the chambers of your heart for a few minutes, winnowing the chaff and scattering the cobwebs that have gathered there while you were asleep, and in you will feel it ringing with the voices of children at play, and all stirred with the glimmering phantasmagoria of leap-frog, prison-base, or hunt-the-gif-whip.

Let us try the experiment. There! I have opened the windows. Now draw the blinds back and back! already there is the sound of little voices afar off, like "sweet bells jangling." Nearer and nearer they come! and now we catch a glimpse of bright faces peeping round the corners; and there, by their merry exclamacy, a general mustering and swarming, as of bees about a newly-discovered flower-garden. But the voices we now hear, proceed from two little fellows who have withdrawn from the rout. One carries a large basket, and his eyes are directed to the window; he doesn't half like the blinds being drawn. The other follows him with a tattered book under his arm, cupping the penis, one after the other, as he runs along. He is clearly on best terms with himself. And now we can see their faces. Both are grave, and one rather pale, and trying to look desperate. And hark! now we are able to distinguish their words. "Well, I can't skewed it" you," says the latter, clearer and the larger boy. "No! I ain't skewed it" you," retorts the other; "but you needn't say you mean to lick me." And so I thought. Doubtless, Jem acquainted with children, might not be able to see the connection; but I could: it was worthy of Aristotle himself, or Jake Locke. "I didn't say I meant to lick you" resumed the first, "I said I could lick ye, and so I can." To which the other replies, glancing first at my window, and then all up and down the street, "I should like to see you try to." Whereupon, the larger boy began to move away, half-backward, half-sideways, and muttering, just loud enough to be heard, "Ah, you want to fight, now; but you know you don't dare now!" And here the dialogue finished, and the lances moved on, shaking their little heads at each other, and muttering all the way up street. Men are but children of a larger growth! Children, but stronger in muscle.

How beautiful and how strange are the first confidences of thought in a wayward or peevish child! And then, how alike we all are in our waywardness and peevishness! It is but a change of name, and one trifle is as good as another to breed a quarrel, or to throw the wisest and best of our grown babies off their balance. A bit of writing, the loss of a paper with pictures on it, a handful of glittering dust, or somebody making mouths at us, a word, a look, and we are standing with rage, or miserable for half a day. A cloud coming up when the horses are at the door, is a heavy cloud over home. And here the dialogue finished, and the lances moved on, shaking their little heads at each other, and muttering all the way up street. Men are but children of a larger growth! Children, but stronger in muscle.

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I knew a little boy who, after sitting awhile as if lost in thought, turned to his mother, and said, "Mother, what did you marry my father for?" Why didn't you wait till I grew up, and then marry me?" Rather a strange question, to be sure; and the little fellow was but not old enough to put his words together. But compare it with many a question put by the sages of earth. Consider it, side by side, with the ponderings and the misgivings, the conjectures and the half-the-speculations of a great philosopher, when he interrogates the Builder of the Universe, and sets himself in array, face to face, with Jehovah.

Nay, I have heard a very intelligent person, at mature age, betray a similarity of thought as laughable as that of the poor boy. She had been to see a rapture old lady, whom her father, in his youth, had once intended to marry. "And how did you like her?" said I. "Not at all," she replied, "do, you don't know how glad I am that father did not marry her; I never could have liked her, I am sure." As if, marry whom he might, she must have been here, she herself, with precisely the same sentiments, prejudices and experience!

I remember a little boy who was a hero-worshipper from his birth, a sausage-monger, and a sausage-maker. From the hour he was able to ask for a piece of bread and butter, he never breathed for a word, nor he! If one would not serve, the other would, with a little twisting and turning. He seemed born for that day, when I was holding him by the hand rather tighter than he wished (he was but just able to speak at the time,) that I should shake his hand; at another, he came to me, all out of breath, to announce that a man was before shaking the hall. Woe to the person who ventured out that he was only semi-washing. But how should he know the difference between a man in wash and leather? a long beard and a little one? None at, if you can, a perfect example of simplicity or generalization, or a more beautiful adaptation of old words to new purposes. I have heard another complain of a school-fellow pretending at him and to fight. And he took the affront very much to heart, I assure you, and would not be pacified till the matter was cleared up. Other children talk about the moon and stars,—astrologists are they; and others, when they have the instinct, love what it knows them. Or such as the wonder of poetry. I have heard an other give a public challenge, in these words, to every child that came near, as soon as he was of four-story, with a pair of tamarind-stones, and shells and pebbles, lying before her. "Ah! I've got more—got more!" That child was a better grammarian than Lindley Murray. And her wealth—a what was it unlike the hoards of natural and moral wealth of millions!

But long ago, while passing through a narrow, unfrequented street, my attention was attracted by two little girls at play together; one a perfect fawn-boy, with large beautiful eyes, and a most glossy quantity of hair; the other, a little, timid creature, altogether too shy to look up as I passed. The romp was balancing her body over the gate, and the little prude was looking at her. On the opposite side of the way were two smart-looking boys, whom I did not observe till I heard a sweet, clear voice in my ears, saying, almost imploringly, "I'll give ye a fish, if ye want one!" I stopped, and heard the offer repeated by the shy-looking pose, while the romp stared at her with her mouth wide open, and the boys elevated not with a laugh, being too stance-faced to permit by the offer. Verily, verily, men are but children of a larger growth—and women, too.

There was the language of truth, of innocence, of unadulterated nature! There are no mostly mentked human creatures among the poor. Belie! that child is going forth into the world, leaving behind her the grace and beautiful plenitude with wild flowers, where everything appeared in the language of truth; and, after a little time, with far less purity, she may blush and trouble at every thought of being named, with or without her leave. And the poor boys—must, they are to be the peasants, and pray and beseech, whose, but an a newly acquired and counterfeit nature, they might loiter along by the wayside, and be sure of a call from the very lips and bright eyes that learned about their path. Poor boys!

"Ah, ah, boorn! hearrn! here's a fellow's birthday!" cried a boy, in my hearing, once. A senator had got together to play ball, but one of them having found a birthday, and not only the birthday, but the very boy to whom it belonged, they all gathered round him, as if they had never witnessed a companion of the sort before. The boy remember the character of majesty!—into the office of a national bank, if you please.

Never shall I forget another incident which occurred, in my presence, between two boys. In One was trying to jump over a wheelbarrow.—Another was going by; he stopped, and, after considering a moment, spoke. "If'll tell you what you can't do," said he. "Well, what is it?" "You can't jump down your own throat." "Well, you can't." "Can't, I should?" The simplicity of it! "Well, then, what is it you can't do?" "Can't I, though?" talked me prodigiously.—They reminded me of opening a box of new crayons, where—I should not like to say where—having a great respect for the bumpkin of the carnation and the bells of hyacinth.

"I say 'his white cats.'" "I say it's red cat." "Well, I say it's white cats." "I tell ye 'tis white cats." Here they had joined issue for the last time, — "I say 'his white cats,' and I'll bet ye ten thousand dollars of it." "Well, I'll bet you ten thousand dollars." Such were the very words of the disputants. I have since heard for twenty two children, the elder about six, the other about five. Were these the classic in prose short stockbrokers and theologians?

"Well, my lad, you've been to meeting, hey?" "Yes, sir." "And who preached for you?"—Mr. P——." "Ah! and what did he say?" "I can't remember; he got me asleep." "Ha! do you not?" "Yes, sir; he kept lookin' at my new clothes all summer long." That child must have been a close observer. Will anybody tell me that he did not know what people go to meeting for?

It was but yesterday that I passed a fat little girl, with long dark eyes, sitting by herself in a gateway, with her feet stretching straight out into the street. She was holding a ball in one hand, and, with a bit of stick in the other, was pointing to the letters. "What's that?" cried she, in a earnest, eloquent voice; "tell me, do!" "That's that, I say! F. No—o—o—h!" shaking her little head, with the air of a schoolmistress who has made up her mind not to be trifled with. It reminded me of another little girl, a cousin of mine, who used to sit and play in the long green grass underneath my windows, and shake her head, and laugh, and talk by the hour, as if she had a book with her, to the infinite amusement of all the neighborhood. I could should have broken my self to the stage. She was the very spirit of what may be called the familiar drama.

But children have other characters. At times, they are creatures to be afraid of. Every tone I hear in the street, every face I encounter, every footfall behind me, and I have had to do with them, and to study them, for more than a quarter of a century, after years of watchful and anxious discipline, were an indescribable as the young of the wild animals, whose cubs and whelps I have seen in chateaux, and cried. And others I have known, who, in the midst of some fierce passion or the multitude, being evidently of them that, from the foundations of the world, have been always tiredering at the gates of power.

There sits a little girl, with minces in her lap. She is not pretty, and she is not plain; and she has grown there all away, handful by handful, in a much older and more crafty child. She has not another left; and as she sits by him, and looks him up in the face, and asks him for one, now and then, so unscrupulously, he keeps cramming them into his mouth, and occasionally dates one out to her—which is all that, as strangers, they will be allowed to do. Ignorance and self-gratification. And she, poor thing, whatever else gets into, subjects itself to more grossly; shaking her head, and making a motion with her mouth, as if it were crammed full. "Just to the thing," &c., &c.

And it is but the other day, not a month ago, I had an opportunity of seeing a little girl, with a pair of eighteen months was overlooking her playmate's basket before a boy of seven. She was ready enough to show all her toys, but there was a little hitch in her hand, she would instantly reach after—and sometimes she was sure, unfairly tried to carry the man of treasure, pretending to like what he did not, and to dislike what he most coveted. There were heaps at play-things strewed about on the floor. Among these, were the remains of a little dog, which had been sadly pulled to pieces, but which the boy had a decided fancy to, nevertheless. He had got it by the tail, and was trying to pull it out of the little girl's hand. "Don't, Jem!" she said, "you'll break it!" "No, I won't!" "Yes—" "Was she engaged?"

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Wit and Humor.

THE DARKEY'S RIDE.

Cesar had been a faithful servant at one of our country inns for many years. Cesar was kind to him, fed and clothed him well, and told him he should always be well cared for in his old age. Cesar took it into his head one day that he should like to go on a ride, put up at an inn, be waited on, eat as he had done before, and put things through in style.

So, Cesar, you shall have my best horse and chaise, and take Phillis with you; and have a first-rate time. Now, mind you don't go to any inn and blow it out straight," said his good master.

Cesar and his lady were soon "done up" at their "old Aztec," they jumped in and drove off in high glee. They pulled up at the inn at this half village; Cesar gave the horse in charge of the ostler, with directions to give him a peck and corn. He then went to the bar, and ordered upon Miss Phillis into the house, called for a room, a pack of cards, a bottle of brandy and a good dinner.

As soon as the dinner was over, the brandy was produced, and Cesar; he got on well, and "old Jack," Cesar called for his team and his bill. The horse was soon harnessed, and he drove round been a close observer. Will anybody tell me that he did not know what people go to meeting for?

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Goldsmith's Carelessness.—The following anecdote illustrates the carelessness with which Goldsmith sometimes wrote, and his want of real research. On the 22nd of June he had received payment in advance for a Grecian History in two volumes, though only one was finished. As he was pushing on doggedly at the second volume, Garrick called to see him.

"You are the man of all others I wish to see," said Goldsmith; "I want to be saved the trouble of reference to be books.

"What was the name of that famous city which gave Alexander the most trouble to take?

"Mantoxana," replied Gibbon, sportively.

The heedless author was about committing the name to paper without reflection when Gibbon burst into a hearty laugh, which aroused Goldsmith, and gave the true name, Forus.—*Washington Irving.*

Not Engaged, but Married.—Some ridiculous mistakes occur among foreigners at times, owing to the different meanings applied to the same word in our language. During the absence of a physician, his wife received a note from a lady, asking the man called to see him, and rang the bell at the door. The summons was answered by a German servant girl, of whom he inquired if the Doctor was in.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Yes?"

"Was she engaged?"

The girl looked at him a moment, with a small hair, and said her assistance in the affair—Rogers related the story, and told his friend that after night or two he would call on him, and give a written apology.

"Apology!" said his friend, "a fight cannot be avoided; but wait here a moment, and I will ride over and see your adversary's second, Lord. R. Frisbie, immediately."

After the lapse of half an hour, Rogers's friend returned, and said:

—Well, I met the meeting must take place; I have seen Lord. R. Frisbie, and he informs me that from the delicacy of my situation, I cannot set for you in this matter; but Lovel. R. Frisbie can tell you the time of day, I dare say, to-morrow, as he thinks he will be able to arrange the difficulty.

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Selected Articles.

THE USES TO WHICH A HORSE IS PUT AFTER HIS DEATH.

A New York correspondent of the Nantucket Columbian, gives the following picture of an establishment in New York City, at the corner of 11th street and 12th avenue:

A few days since, while strolling in the suburbs of the city, in the vicinity of the track of the Hudson River Railroad, intersecting 11th street, my attention was drawn toward an oddly-shaped cart, to which was attached a horse. On a closer view there was a class of people who make a business of dressing dead animals and I felt a curiosity to know what was done with the carcasses, therefore kept a good "look out," and saw it enter the 11th street and 12th avenue height. It was a wooden buildings and sheds, also a large brick chimney topped by a stack.

I approached the entrance, over which was a sign, "Depot for Dead Animals." In a few moments the horse came out, and I noted that he was dressed with the horses. He said, "We skin 'em and we don't. We don't want to work for our living as a horse." As soon as I entered the gateway, I found myself in the midst of a number of sheds, stables, &c., which were very white and clean, and were piled with great regularity, the wood being of the best quality. In one shed were the horses, and the smaller boxes filled in the centre. These were piled with the greatest care, and the whole presented a most orderly appearance. There were also a good collection of dogs chained up in the centre of the premises, in front of which the premises. I turned towards the building, and the first thing that met my eye was a poor old horse just in the act of being killed. He was brought into a dark stall in the rear of the building, and was then led, and the others to perform the operation. They could not say, for a long time, as to their respective shares in the performances. At last they hit upon a previous expedient. They drew straws, and the lot fell upon the youngest of the boys, upon whom one of the two sat, while the other held the horse's head. He did it with a dull stroke of the axe. "Where's Mother?—what child of four years was ever without a mother? Or who could be without a long course of preparation?—for neglect of preparation!—for neglect of preparation! Both were murderers, and there was no difference between them. If—but what is the use of the "if," what is to become of such children? Why, they will be left to the mercy of the world, but "tree's unfound," how much have you to answer for! If sons are but children of a larger growth, they watch your children do as they do, and by night pray for them far away, by night and by day; and not so children, but so now of a smaller growth, so men, with most of the evil propensities of men, and by day and by night, learn to make man terrible to his fellow men: his remonstrance hateful; his approach a fiery pestilence; his very breath of death, a blessing, even to his father and mother!

Keeping the Feet.—A dispute once arose between an English officer and a French one, as to which of the armies they respectfully belonged to, was a certain battle. "I think the victory commenced with us," said the Englishman, "for a very large portion of our forces kept the field."

"A very large portion, indeed," replied the Frenchman, drily—"the killed and wounded."

[F] Signorina Tedesco, the Trabese new singer, is not mustered.

For the Young.

FROM THE PORTSMOUTH SAINT PILOT.

THE HISTORY OF FOUR BOYS

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

So much has been written and said to prove that the rich are happier than the poor, that the contrast, and rest mainly upon the individuals themselves, and, also, that, under the general influence of our free institutions, neither advantages of wealth nor relatives of high standing can compete successfully with energy and good conduct in securing permanent respectability.—It seems almost unnecessary to add anything to the existing volumes on these subjects.

The following sketch of living persons, some of whom are the performing important parts in the drama of life that may be of great public consequence, has, however, in it so much of a moral lesson that the writer has consented to the publication. It was first written in 1837, in a letter from the writer to his son, from which it is now extracted.

It is an fictitious narrative, nor has it any false coloring, save only that in speaking of living persons, propriety requires moderation of praise.—Eulogies are for the dead. Delicacy, which says nothing but approximately necessary the omission of the full names of the parties and of the writer, as well as the localities. The peculiar characteristics of each are unmistakable, and the moral tendencies of their comparative histories, are abridged with no small severity.

"A little over twenty years ago, I commenced my career as publisher of a newspaper. Being in want of an "errand boy," my partner and I were making inquiries for one whom we might take as an apprentice, when a lad, of whom, our attention was cited to an Irish lad, then but a few months in this country. He had come to seek his fortune with his brothers, who had preceded him. These were stone-masons, superintending men, and little less than workmen who had employed them. Upon inquiry, we found the character of the family for industry, economy and sobriety, to be good, and, consequently, made no engagement to take the lad (Jonathan Stone) as an apprentice, but, on a compensation for his services, his board and thirty dollars for the first year, increasing the amount for a future period.

"He proved to be all that we could wish—was faithful to his employers, our interest his interest, and improved the facilities within his reach for increasing his stock of knowledge and fitting himself for greater usefulness.

"At another office, in the same town, was a boy whom I shall call Peter. He was the son of a citizen in good circumstances—had never known the want of any comfort, and was indulged in the pleasure (for what his compensation from his employer would not afford, his father supplied,) although he was not a boy of much mind, or of any conception of duty, and relative to the future.

"Now mark the sequel. Thomas, as I call Jonathan, served the term of his apprenticeship. Dancing was an especial favorite, and he was not over solicitous about his character in the estimation of the public. He was a good boy, and his employer company. Through this channel he made the acquaintance of a very pretty girl, but of a family altogether beneath his own in point of wealth, and never troubled himself about hunting his ancestry, which, by the way, is a matter of consequence, and, sometimes, not without benefit. Thomas married the girl, and, in process of time, found himself the father of children, and, in consequence of his connection with the public exhibitions of the school brought forth, attracted attention, not only of those in the immediate circle of his acquaintance, but of those who, perceived from these in seven hundred majority, to be of a character to command respect. He was referred to above, I had in my office a son of a man in good circumstances and of highly respectable family, but the boy—John—was a wild, reckless one; was possessed of a good share of brilliancy, but was destitute of settled principle. His father dying during his minority, left for him a large estate, but no judicious guardian was found to place him in independent circumstances. At his the death of his parents, a change in his habits of life was apparent, and his associates were not gradually lessened. In the meantime, a poor little girl, whose parents were in humble life, were the daily earnings of those who could get employment, were the inmates of the same house. Her mother was a common occupation for the former and eldest son, then about seventeen years of age. The latter, by industry to some degree, was enabled to attend school part time, and succeed with him, with his father's consent. This was, however, refused (the circumstances of the family were known to the neighborhood,) and no one would accept an condition that I would pay to them so much per week, as the profit they might receive from his labor during the remainder of his minority. Though this was more than was customary to be paid for the services of apprentices, I felt that so much interested in the young man (Charles) that I consented to the arrangement, and the sum required. The result proved that my expectations were not unfounded. Charles, however, soon began to display towards him a cavalier disposition, and treat him rudely. He was disposed to keep him as an inferior, and to be so accessible for himself; and so unwilling to communicate to him the knowledge of the latter, that I was obliged to dismiss him before the expiration of his regular term.

"Charles served out his term. Both went into the world as men, to act for themselves. John, with his settled habits and strength in business, but was in each case unsuccessful. His property, which was, at the time of his father's death, a handsome support by irregular work as a journeyman. Charles went West, and I had lost sight of him for years. He was, when I last heard of him, the last of members short of the Legislature at the Capitol of Illinois, and a regard for him led me to watch with some closeness the published proceedings of the House. Charles was a democrat, and if effected me no little satisfaction to observe not only that his name appeared among them quite as often as that of other members, but that a certain proportion of his failed of being adopted by the House, which he was evidently the most influential member."

Science and Art.

Annealed Wire for Fuzes.—In a conversation with Mr. Grant, of fanning-mill notoriety, the subject of annealed wire for fuzes came up. He stated that he last sent a wire across a fire-window, which has been very much exposed, on the 4th inst. to the Mexican war. Mr. Grant has, and until the channel fissure is quite cotton, while the wire is not injured. It is, of course, annealed, is sound and good. He remarks the same fact in regard to wire, used for fanning-mill sieves. We also have seen the same account to the same purpose, and we should think, from the experiment, are also adapted to the same purpose. Upon inquiry, we found the character of the family for industry, economy and sobriety, to be good, and, consequently, made no engagement to take the lad (Jonathan Stone) as an apprentice, but, on a compensation for his services, his board and thirty dollars for the first year, increasing the amount for a future period.

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